

# PANISH KETCHES

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WARD PENFIELD

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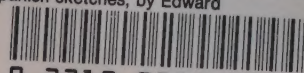
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**SPANISH  
SKETCHES**









The matador acknowledging the applause of the audience.



# SPANISH SKETCHES

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EDWARD PENFIELD

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NEW YORK  
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**SPANISH  
SKETCHES**











## BETWEEN TOWNS IN SPAIN

TWO donkeys with their noses close together stood on the earthen floor of the *posada*. The sun streamed through the cracks of the partly opened door, and the little beasts put back their ears in perverse obstinacy whenever the harness-maker came to fit their saddles, nor did they resume their contented attitude until Don Felipe's cigarette once more sent up quietly curling streams of blue smoke, as he resumed his work beside the high-wheeled, heavily hooded carts in the *patio*. A few

## BETWEEN TOWNS

more stitches, and one or two more holes punched, and everything would be ready for the señor and his guide.

The gaily bedecked little beasts stood patiently waiting, with large heavy saddles, when Fernando and I entered the inn yard early the next morning. A fringed blanket shawl folded in a long roll was thrown over each pommel, the ends dangling fantastically around the fore feet. Another heavy blanket was folded over the saddle seat, from which hung the gay red-fringed saddle-bags. From heavy bridles hung long strips of tasselled leather which fell over the forehead and nose, a protest to the cruel, persis-



## IN SPAIN

tent flies. Fernando's stirrups were yellow and mine were green, and as he handed me an "estock to make heem hurry," I climbed astride my little steed and led the way out of the inn yard, down the wide pavement, and under the Puerto del Toledo, out on the hard white smooth government road of flint.

Teams of as many as five mules, all in a row, with gay head-dresses, from which hung rows and rows of bells, tinkled in merry unison as they pulled faithfully at the heavily laden, high-wheeled, big-hooded carts with their load of earthenware or wine casks hung from a swinging platform beneath the axle

## BETWEEN TOWNS

as well as piled high up above it. The drivers with their savage dogs sat lazily, curling their long lashes not only around the ears of their own patient beasts, but most generously distributing their efforts among all passing animals.

Small donkeys loaded with water-casks, live poultry, earth from a near-by excavation, passed by in single file, all encircled by their fantastic little harnesses of braided straw rope, with red and yellow worsted patterns and dangling purple pompons.

Well-ordered olive groves, the trees with their gnarled and twisted trunks withered and scarred, but



A load of pottery.





## IN SPAIN

sending forth shoots of new green branches, lined either side of the road, and as we left the signs of the town behind us the country became slightly rolling. The herbage grew scantily on the parched earth, plowed and pulverized by the Romans, then by the Moors, and now by a people whose instinct of pillage is stronger than its desire for development.

Two forlorn burros yoked to a sharpened stick scraped the sun-baked ground and a patient raw-boned mule, blindfolded, trod a well-worn circle, drawing up water from a well, in earthen jars, and a Roman pillar, broken to the proper length

## BETWEEN TOWNS

and fastened to a rough-hewn framework, pressed seeds into the ground as it was rolled over it.

Presently we came to a low square building with sun-baked tiles upon the roof, and Fernando called from behind to stop; it was a wine-shop, and I found that on a road where the hot, dry sun beats mercilessly down, where the blue, blue sky becomes monotonous, and wine-shops are few, it was well to heed Fernando's well-meant interruption; so I dismounted and walked into the low whitewashed room. Two men sat over against the wall and I glanced curiously at a beggar in a long faded cloak who stood before





A wine-shop on the roadside.



## IN SPAIN

the wine-seller. He had dropped his humble demeanor and stooped pose, and held his head in a lordly manner, for he was no longer the suppliant at the cathedral steps, but a man of capital spending his money, and commanding the proper courtesy from the shopkeeper, who showed his evident amusement at the proud and haughty demeanor of the well-schooled mendicant. When he was given his glass of wine and paid his penny, he graciously offered it to both of us with true politeness before he touched his greedy thick lips to the rim.

After our refreshment, we sat around on the low benches for some



## BETWEEN TOWNS

time, and I could see that my companion was as loath to remount as I was, for riding a donkey is something one must get used to; the short quick-step of the burro produces a jogging that one cannot "rise" to as in horseback, but you must sit and "take it," and it requires time before the muscles are hardened enough to use the stick and your throat leathery enough to shout "a-rr-r-r—ray-y-y-y-y-O-O-O-O!"<sup>1</sup> so that a Spanish donkey will respect either.

The sun's rays grew more intense, absorbing the cool breeze from the snow-capped Sierras, and as we

<sup>1</sup>Spelled *arrhé*.



The beggar in the wine-shop.





## IN SPAIN

continued along the road the little beasts, either realizing that they were on a long journey or that we used the "estocks" with a more professional swing, started on a quick walk, almost breaking into a trot.

We were farther from the city now, and there was only an occasional traveler on the road. The fields were parched, but here and there, in irrigated portions, the grass grew a little greener. Occasional small dilapidated walled villages, marked by the spire of a cathedral, were on the hillsides, and often very small hamlets had very big cathedrals. As we approached one of these villages, a man carrying a big

## BETWEEN TOWNS

jug and riding astride of an old mule came out to meet us. He was preceded by a woman dressed in black and taking very long strides. When he came nearer he waved his hand, and before we knew it the farmer who helped us in buying the donkeys at the market, was beside us and inquired how the beasts were behaving, while his good wife stood and looked on with good-nature and solicitude. The compliment of being assured that his judgment was good put him in a fine humor, and he invited us to lunch out in the fields of his farm under one of the few small trees that grew about his irrigating well. So here we enjoyed

## IN SPAIN

the proverbial loaf of bread and jug of wine, but his wife was thoughtful enough to go back to the house and add a hot *tortilla* to the repast, and then while the farmer's patient mule, blindfolded, walked round and round the treadmill of the water-wheel and the donkeys nipped the new sweet buds that grew about the well, we all spread our blankets on the ground and took a *siesta* in the soft air, sweetened by the sun-dried grass.

Late in the afternoon Fernando gently shook me by the shoulder. The farmer's day's work had been done, which consisted of watching his mule draw up enough water to

## BETWEEN TOWNS

the storage reservoir to enrich his fields, and as he had offered us the hospitality of his house for the night and there was also a wedding in the village, we threw the grass, saddles, and saddle-bags over our donkeys and all three were soon on our way to the pile of low, yellow-roofed houses clustered around the cathedral in the village.

The wedding dance was being held in a long, narrow building near a fountain, and we entered on a smooth earth floor; seats were ranged about the sides of the white-washed room, and the low rafters were draped and festooned with fancy wall-paper with gold scrolls in





A water wheel.



## IN SPAIN

it. The music was furnished by a piano organ at one end of the long room, turned in rotation by a number of small boys in their clean blue blouses and brown corduroy breeches, who felt their importance; and at the other end of the room a table was spread with cakes and bread and a wine concoction very sweet and pleasant but seductive. The women, some bringing their babies, were a pleasant set but not beautiful, although a few, with their large dark eyes, came very near to it. They did not wear the gay costumes of my imagination, but their dresses showed great care and conscientious patching. A gay hand-

## BETWEEN TOWNS

kerchief was often folded around the neck and across the breast and large earrings and big breastpins were the vogue even among the young women. The men wore broadbrimmed black felt hats and clean blue blouses, corduroy trousers, either light tan or brown, and the long red or black sash belt called a "faja," wound many times about the waist, the folds serving as pockets for cigarettes, tobacco-pouch, and the villainous knife that every one carries.

The dances were "round," interspersed with a square dance, where four people comprise a set—a sort of fandango, with lots of stamping



## IN SPAIN

and attempts at lithe, serpentine motions, with the hands raised above the head. There was a very old man who danced with great gusto and amused the crowd of young people, who encouraged him with clapping of hands. When, at last, we left the wedding, and passed the fountain where the laborers from the fields were watering their mules, the rose-color was slowly fading from the sky, and we made our way to the farmer's house, which was in the village. The front had the square prison-like effect so common—iron bars, delicately wrought, before each window, and a huge heavy double wooden door filled with big iron-

## BETWEEN TOWNS

headed nails, giving the entire place the look of a strong box. We entered the *patio*, a square yard around which the house was built. There was a high-wheeled cart resting on its shafts on the cobble floor, the heavy brass-studded harness thrown across the dashboard. Dried vegetables and grasses hung from beams and rafters, and dangling down in the center of all the chaos was an electric light, a single bulb, cobwebbed and soiled, but giving out its feeble ray in strange contrast.

All the lower rooms opened on the court and a broad stairway of tiles led to the bedrooms on the floor above.



Encircled in a gay little harness.  
A country gentleman.





## IN SPAIN

Out from the kitchen, dining-room, and stairway came my host's family, displaying no end of curiosity. Later, over a large pan of rabbit stew, from which we all helped ourselves, my host asked many questions and told many little anecdotes of his large family. Four sons and two daughters, all married and living in this large, rambling, thick-walled house, made a family of twenty-two children (many of them were still at the wedding), and the eldest son tried to show with gestures the appearance of the stairway at Christmas time, when twenty-two pairs of shoes were laid there to receive the gifts of the honored

## BETWEEN TOWNS

and kindly saint. Many well-meant questions were asked regarding *my history*. Telling them that I was an American caused no cessation in their hospitality (I afterward learned that an American in Spain can come from North or South America or Cuba or the West Indies, if he wishes, but a *Yankee* is the only man who hails from our glorious United States); but when I expressed my disappointment over the unromantic appearance of the wine-shops, where I had expected to find the brave *toreador* strumming a guitar in unison with a fair señorita's lithe motions, my host, placing his finger beside his nose and drawing down



The patio of a posada.





## IN SPAIN

the inner corner of his eye, promised to arrange an entertainment at the wine-shop of the village that night that would, he was sure, restore my old ideals. His sons played the mandolin, and evidently belonged to a musical club, for four other young men came with their mandolins and sat around the great circular table in the wine-shop. In their flat-brimmed *sombreros*, hair banged and brushed forward over their ears, in imitation of the bull-fighters, sun-browned faces, short, black velvet coats and red sashes tightly binding their narrow hips, they made a picture, and played their weird, wild music, touched with pathos, well into the night.

## BETWEEN TOWNS

Although no request was made of me, the code required strangers to furnish wine, and Fernando ordered a large jug to be placed upon the table and kept full. The villagers who could crowded into the shop and others stood at the doors and windows, and every one had access to the flowing bowl; but before they drank they saluted me gravely, and no one was rude or stared or took advantage of the occasion.

Fernando and I were given a large room on the upper floor of the farmer's house. There were two beds, one at either end; the floor was tiled with big square red bricks and heavy oaken blinds at the win-

## IN SPAIN

dows opened on a balcony. The beds and the room were sweet and clean, much better accommodations than the pretentious hotel at Madrid.

In the morning our host, carrying a long heavy cane, accompanied us as far as a cross beside a small church, on the outskirts of the village, where we bade him farewell and continued our journey. The road lay over treeless rolling hills; sparse grain grew in meager patches that ended abruptly on barren wastes with flocks of feeding goats on the red sun-baked earth, which took on rose hues in the sunshine or deep plum color in the floating cloud

## BETWEEN TOWNS

shadows. Purple bush flowers, clustered in the copperas green of the grass, or poppies waved their heads above the struggling blades. Then we came to waste tracts of light-gray clayey land; tufts of sage held savagely to life under the blazing sun, and the road, hard and white, showed us we were on the main highway. We passed more of the high-wheeled carts (some now held families, on the way to the larger towns for market-day) pulled by a mule in the shafts and often a diminutive donkey in the lead. On an uphill pull a high-wheeler's load shifted too far back of the axle for perfect balance. The slow creak



## IN SPAIN

gave way to excited female voices in a high key and the deep angry exclamations of men as the shafts pointed skyward and the mules' hind feet left the ground.

We seized the shafts and did our best to bring about order in Sancho's family as they laughingly endeavored to extricate themselves.

The road was not without its pathos. We passed some people too poor even to travel on donkey-back or in carts. One family—a grandmother, the mother, and three children, the youngest having to be carried under the only umbrella in the party—with a scanty supply of provisions, shoes and sandals worn

## BETWEEN TOWNS

and patched and tied on with strips torn from skirts and aprons, were walking a distance of two hundred miles to join their men, who had found work in a distant town. They answered our questions, but did not ask for money—far from beggars were they—but after we passed, the babies' little fists held a few shining silver *pesetas*.

We met tramps who were thoughtful enough of the future to carry a heavy ragged blanket over their shoulders to protect them from the cold night blasts and a small earthen pot for cooking food that might be given to them. Cigarettes were always received with great



A Spanish tramp.



## IN SPAIN

pleasure; but they were fain to talk. Stone structures, about six or seven feet high, whitewashed and reminding one of a kiln, occurred frequently on the road and were placed for wayfarers to spend the night in, and we passed several large buildings with a cluster of these gentlemen of the road before them, each with his earthen bowl full of steaming food.

As the sun sank that day, the sky casting its purple veil over all, we passed into a beautiful little town, all gardens and bridges and ornate gate-posts, placed there when Spanish rulers were lavish and indifferently maintained by the present King. We found the *posada* a



## BETWEEN TOWNS

short distance from the palace, and after the donkeys' trappings were taken off and locked in a room for safety and the little animals were led off to the stable, we stopped and entered the kitchen. Señor could have anything he preferred, but after a deal of hunting about for chickens, the larder narrowed down to rabbit stew; so two rabbits were killed and prepared before us (I noticed in other *posadas* our food was always "alive" when we ordered it) and placed in a large bowl in the center of the table, out of which we helped ourselves. At a table near by a group of carters sat around a larger bowl of "stew." The polite-

## IN SPAIN

ness of the Spanish was ever present, for they formed an orderly group, and each wore a clean blouse and broad-brimmed hat, which he must have carried in his wagon—a sort of dinner dress.

There were some sleeping-rooms above, but a *fiesta* in the town had brought many people, and we were obliged to lie down on bags of chopped hay, placed on the floor where the mules, donkeys, and horses were, but well out from their heels. I wrapped myself up in the great blanket shawl that swung from my saddle and lay down on the long bag, tired after the day's ride. Although I lay very

## BETWEEN TOWNS

still, sleep would not come to me, for I could not shut out the terrible noise of the bells that hung from the mules' gaily bedecked bridles, which with every movement of the jaw sent out a tormenting jangle. A flickering lamp on the post near by waved a sickly glimmer over the sleeping men and rested on the haunches of the taller animals. Centuries of cobwebs hung from the rough rafters like lowering clouds overhead, and during the momentary silence of the bells deep snoring reached my ears. How many honest souls and how many bandits were there among this crowd of black-haired, travel-worn men? They each had



A desolate stretch.





## IN SPAIN

that long blade in their belts. The night was cold and I was far from home. As I lay there so still, watching them all, the blanket on a bag over back of the post moved, a head stuck up and looked about. I kept very still. The head rose, and the man sat on his bed and, reaching around, drew out a thick rope that had been heavily knotted at both ends and torn apart in the middle. After assuring himself that all was safe, his short overworked, underfed form crept stealthily to the side of a raw-boned mule. He removed the good rope at the halter, and substituted the rope he held in his hand, tying one knotted

## BETWEEN TOWNS

end in the manger ring and the other on his mule's halter, and then slipped back under his blanket. The old mule tossed his head, backed out of his standing room, went from one mule's manger to the other, and greedily ate the remaining fodder. Imaginary fears gave way to impending danger, and I rose up and gave a protesting cry to the man behind the post. He did not respond, but the carter beside me rubbed his eyes and sat up in time to see in the pale light the wandering mule beside his own. With a shout and a yell, he jumped up and caught the offending brute. In a minute all were aroused. Where

## IN SPAIN

was the sneaking scoundrel who would not buy his mule food, but must needs turn him loose to feed on others. Where was he? All wanted to know. At last he was found and pulled out of his assumed sleep. "Get up and explain!" The apparently amazed man went to the old mule and dramatically seizing the frayed end of the heavy rope, began to tug and pull frantically at it to show how strong he had been tied, and was it a fault of his if a mule could break a hawser fit to hold a boat at the quay? But protests and excuses were in vain. Ready hands and feet pushed and kicked mule and man out into the

## BETWEEN TOWNS

*patio*, past the covered carts, to the big oak door. The inn-yard keeper heard the noise and came to unlock the door and add his sandal. Out on the road in the cold moonlight the deceiver was left to continue his way on his poor beast, over the bleak rolling hills.

A few hours of sleep must have come after this, for Fernando was gently shaking me when I opened my eyes the next morning.

Our journey now lay over a road through a very isolated country where we would find few places for refreshment, so a loaf of bread and a leather jug of wine were stuffed in

## IN SPAIN

either saddle-bag. When we passed out of the pleasant garden-like town, down a road under large cool trees, and through two very tall gate-posts that once must have been very elaborate, we found ourselves, after passing a few irrigated fields, out in a barren, sun-baked country. Small shrub bushes grew in clusters and looked as if a very fine gray powder had been dusted over them. The sun beat down mercilessly on the green umbrella, and its heat was reflected from the hot cinders of hell underneath, and the quick dart of an occasional huge green lizard was the only form of life we saw in miles and miles of slightly roll-



## BETWEEN TOWNS

ing country, treeless and bare, with the heat shimmering the horizon line.

I could hear Fernando's little beast back of me, picking his way through the sage or shaking his ornamented head in fighting the aggravating flies.

"Good place for a wine-shop, señor," comes to me through the heated air. No Spanish explorer looked more anxiously than did Fernando and I for some place to shelter us. About noon a long row of beautiful cool trees could be seen, stretching along the horizon, a novel sight in all this barren desert.

An hour later and the donkeys

## IN SPAIN

were eating the moist grass; the saddle-bags were relieved and on our blankets in the cool shade we had our "loaf of bread and jug of wine" while the creak, creak, of the rough machinery of a well, the soft notes of a cuckoo, and a voice giving orders in a distant field broke the drowsy silence.

To one who is brought up on this diet, it may be very satisfying, but as I chewed off hunks of soggy bread and swallowed it in gulps of almost bitter wine, I was thankful that "thou" was not there for me to apologize to for the menu. We finished off with cigarettes, and, until the heat of the day was over, we

## BETWEEN TOWNS

laid our lengths on the cool ground for a quiet *siesta*.

I opened my eyes a few hours after to see a man with a wide belt over his shoulder, on which was a large oval brass sign. He carried a gun, a short carbine affair, and looked ugly. He turned out to be the warder or keeper of this fertile spot we were on. "Ten minutes and we must be gone!" "Why did we feed our donkeys on his master's grass?" "Did we not have enough money to go to a *posada*?" Fernando did not have to be asked to hurry in saddling that time, and when we departed, we tried to "save our face," as the Chinese say, by

## IN SPAIN

offering the keeper cigarettes. He politely received them and his *adios* followed us, as Fernando said, "out of the Garden of Eden." Several hours' riding brought us to an occasional house and the desert gradually melted into fields of sparsely growing grain. The crops were being gathered not by machinery, but by men with small scythes, who cut down the wheat by handfuls. They worked fast and thoroughly, and the little they dropped was gathered up by boy gleaners, so that when they had passed not a single straw of grain could be found. The country now was slightly rolling. Fields green with grass, yellow

## BETWEEN TOWNS

with ripe grain, or freshly plowed, made our spirits rise; and 'way beyond, the hills, on the crest of which our town for the night was silhouetted in blue against a late afternoon sky.

Wine-shops, big covered carts, and patient little donkeys filled the road as we neared the city. When we climbed the hill and passed through the big Moorish gate, the cool blue veil of evening brought out the shining yellow lights; the shepherds were driving their flocks of goats into the city and the small iron shoes of our burros beat a lively tattoo on the stone pavements of the narrow hilly streets, that wound and





Our town for the night was silhouetted in blue.



## IN SPAIN

twisted, like a maze, until we found ourselves at the gate of the *posada*. Here we did not have to sleep with the animals, but each had a comfortable clean room which opened through a green door on the balcony above the *patio*. The town was a most interesting one, containing remnants of its Roman occupants, built around gorgeously by its Moorish conquerors and now occupied in decay and semi-preservation by the Spanish. Here we rested and explored before taking up again our journey over the bleak, stern wastes of poor old tired-out Spain.





# Spanish Impressions





## SPANISH IMPRESSIONS

**T**HROUGH the partly opened window of the second-class carriage, bleak, treeless stretches of sun-baked country slowly moved before us, as the train from Gibraltar rocked and swayed over a broad-gauge track, creeping in a very leisurely way up through old Spain. A shepherd in a lonely waste watched his flocks, and beyond arose a craggy formation like a miniature repetition of grim old Gibraltar, crowned, as all prominences seemed to be, with a monastery.

## SPANISH

As we passed out of this, a comparatively fertile stretch would appear like magic, planted in vineyards or low, gnarled olive-trees; but before our eyes were accustomed to this luxuriance we were dragged through rocky gorges and the crevasses of a mountain pass, an ideal rendezvous for bandits. The stations were many, and shrill-voiced women carrying huge water-jars and glasses peered into the window, shouting "*Agua-a-a*" (water). As in the song of old, we

Stopped twenty minutes at every station,  
Giving passengers ample time for meals;

and our conductor, a pompous per-

## IMPRESSIONS

son in a gorgeous uniform of gold braid, opened the doors of the coaches so that the passengers might get out and walk about.

Passing a group of black-haired men, with their heads tied in gay handkerchiefs and wearing flat-brimmed *sombreros*, I walked forward to inspect our engine and inquire, if possible, the cause of our slow progress and many delays; but an oval brass plate on the side of the cab of the locomotive, bearing the name of a German maker, explained it all—the date was 1869; and instead of berating the poor engineer, I inwardly complimented him for the remarkable preservation

## SPANISH

of his engine, and turned and rejoined my traveling companion.

There is a saying among the Spanish that the cool air of night, while too gracious to blow out a candle, will freeze a sentry in his box. We were reminded of the truth of this as the chill of evening drifted through the window, and as I closed it, I could see, in the gathering darkness, two *guardia civil* take their places in a compartment prepared for them in the forward part of our train. At each station the clink of their sabers could be heard in the still night air as they descended, and with my face pressed against the window glass, I could

## IMPRESSIONS

see them, walking up and down the earthen platform in their long picturesque cloaks, the butt of a polished musket occasionally sticking out from the long folds, catching the glint from the stars above.

Tucked away in my leather bag in the rack overhead was a little red guide-book, which will, if you read it, describe the many interesting places we visited much more completely than I could ever do; so I will say no more here than that when at last we reached Madrid most of our sight-seeing was over, and we were content to stand at night in the Puerta del Sol and watch the passing throng of soldiers,



## SPANISH

monks, *toreadores*, and girls in black *mantillas*. We found a concert-hall on the Carrera de S. Jerónimo, where the Spanish dancing-girl, in her gorgeous, heavily embroidered, long-fringed shawl, went through her sinuous, snake-like motions on a small stage. In front sat the pianist, violinist, and stage-manager, all in one, sharply silhouetted against the brightly lighted scenery.

Madrid kept us for a while, until my companion, the Historian, discovered a beautiful old garden, part of a mosque in an ancient town of romance, fifty miles away. One evening, soon after his discovery,



The Puerta del Sol at night.



## IMPRESSIONS

we stepped from the railroad train into a very jolty omnibus, passed over the Tagus on an old Roman bridge, and entered the city's gates. After a climb up steep hills and through narrow streets we found ourselves at our hotel, in close proximity to "our garden"—for so we began to call it, as the Historian and I sat over our coffee and rolled and puffed Spanish cigarettes. On the following morning he led the way through narrow streets and past low, yellow-tiled, whitewashed houses, a glimpse through some of whose fantastically grilled iron gates showed a *patio*, or inner court, with a small fountain standing in the cen-

## SPANISH

ter, giving out the cooling sound of dripping water. Up a hilly, narrow street, and turning first to the left, and then to the right, we began to descend slightly until we neared the wall which limited the town, as the Moors built it around the old Roman city.

Here was an old mosque, in the entrance of which the Christians had placed, arrogantly or victoriously, whichever way you will, the sign of the Virgin and the child Jesus as soon as the Moors were driven out. Whatever remained of the beautiful Arabesque interior has been rudely whitewashed away and the altar was in a sad state of repair.



In the Salon des Actualités.





## IMPRESSIONS

Beside this, and through a short cloister, was the garden, both presided over by an old woman who now came down one of the garden paths with a bunch of huge keys dangling by her side. She had a face that showed hard work, but held a kindly look, although a quiz-zical and shrewd expression crept over it when she talked.

Away back in the garden, which extended to the city wall, was her abode, a thick-walled house, two stories high, with a yellowish tiled roof. Two great oaken doors, thickly studded with large-headed iron nails, led into the house, and several green bird-cages and the Japanesque

## SPANISH

shadows of the rambling branches and quivering foliage of small quince and pomegranate trees relieved the monotony of the white walls.

The lower floor contained two rooms, the kitchen and living-room. The latter was comparatively bare. Square red tiles were on the floor, and were fitted into the stairway leading to two bedrooms above. On the wall, over a square and well-scrubbed table, was an old picture of two saints, one in a very red cloak and the other in an equally vivid blue mantle—perhaps taken from the old mosque at some time during its occupation by the Catholics. The table had an under shelf with



A diligence.



## IMPRESSIONS

a large circular hole cut into it to receive the brazier of charcoal in cold weather, and together with a settee and several low-seated chairs formed the furnishings of this room.

Near the table a low, faded green door led to the kitchen, which perhaps was more interesting and truly Spanish. Against one of the walls was a wooden stand holding two large semi-porous water-jars, and beside this was the storage place for charcoal. Over these, and reaching the entire length of the room, was a long shelf upon which Andrea had formed a collection of the most curious bottles—but no doubt they all had their uses. The hearth



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stretched across the farther end of the room, slightly raised under a projecting hood, and the smoke curled in long, lazy ribbons, streaking its way up the once whitened wall. As many small deep-blue stew-pots hugged the bright glow of the charcoal as were able to crowd around it, each seeming to say: "Don't push me; I was here before you."

There was a well in the garden, overgrown with grape-vines, under which the clothes were washed; and the water was afterward made to flow through narrow canals to irrigate the garden. A fountain had been planned for the far end, but



One of the gates of the city.



## IMPRESSIONS

had been abandoned, and from somewhere the water flowed slowly into its basin. Small fruit-trees grew beside the narrow paths, and well-known flowers, such as geraniums, fleurs-de-lis, and ragged sailors, filled flower-pots and were ranged along the walks.

By an arrangement of the Historian's (a few *pesetas* a day) all this beautiful spot was ours to work in as long as we chose, with only the interruption of travelers who came to the place, and from whose gratuities Andrea derived her living; but they were few, mostly French, and an occasional Englishman; and one day twenty or more young ladies

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(I believe they were French, although some spoke Spanish), dressed in long blue coats with orange-red collars, and accompanied by two nuns, paid us a visit. They were a jolly crowd of girls, and the nuns, who were not old, answered our mild jests as merrily as the others, as they passed our easels in the shade of the old mosque.

How blue the sky seemed as we worked and compared it with the earth, bathed and drenched in a flood of sunshine that purpled the shadows and yellowed the ground! The ragged sailors and fleurs-de-lis danced in jolly blues and the geraniums and quince blossoms flamed



The kitchen.





## IMPRESSIONS

in scarlet dashes, and it filled me with despair as I tried to put it down on canvas.

Andrea was a busy woman, cooking in the kitchen and washing at the well, and then there was Norveta, her daughter, and that imp, Norveta's son, a boy of five, who *would* stand beside us and squeeze the tubes of paint when we were not looking. Andrea's brother sometimes came. He was a very old man and wore a neat, roomy suit of coarse gray material, the garb of the "home" where he was spending his declining years. He delighted in doing what little work was done toward keeping the gar-

## SPANISH

den in order—hoeing the paths, trimming and tying up the small bushes, and smoking a loosely rolled cigarette between times in the shade of the old wall.

Norveta's hair-dresser came twice a week and left her with a heavily pomaded and perfumed coiffure. She liked to sit with folded arms and watch us work. When I was away she mimicked me—the way I tried to drink water from the earthen jar, Spanish fashion, by holding it up before me and endeavoring to let the stream run down my throat (but more often it danced on my nose or spattered on my chin); and when *I* worked in the garden



Norveta.



## IMPRESSIONS

alone she gave *me* most realistic imitations of the Historian. But Andrea did most of the work, besides showing strangers through the mosque and garden, and when she passed by with the keys she would hold out what they had given her. When the amount was small she held it between two outstretched fingers and made a grimace of disgust, but a silver *peseta* she was very proud of and would shove 'way down in her long pocket, as she nodded in silent satisfaction.

There was a road which ran out of the city to the country beyond and passed our garden. We could sit on the wall at this point, for it



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was low, and look down on the steady stream of traffic going in and out of the city's gate. Here the poor, patient little donkey or his half-brother, the mule, could be seen patiently picking his way or plodding through dust with his heavy burden, half-fed, beaten, and abused, and sadly compensated by a gorgeous harness of very wide leather hung with gay pompons and rows and rows of tinkling bells about the neck. I noticed that the upper portion of all the animals was shaved, from a line just back of the ear down and passing over the haunches, where fantastic designs were often indulged in—depending, I suppose,

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on the cleverness of the barber. I do not understand the reason of this custom—the hair is certainly a protection, both from the vicious flies of the country and the galling straps of the heavy harness. To the many inquiries that were made of drivers, horse-dealers at the fairs, and inn-keepers no satisfactory answer could be given. Perhaps a shaven hide makes the usual grooming process unnecessary. Is it the custom among *any* people to give the right answer when laziness is the true reason?

A short distance down the road was a fountain where women, with water-jars braced against their hips, met and gossiped in the morning,

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as the diligence with its team of five mules rattled lickety-split down the road; for a Spanish driver is most generous with the lash.

After the day's work we liked to sit on the wall overlooking the road and the town, and watch the sunset glow of gold and rose fade from the sky and the twinkling lights in the city below shine out one by one. Then would the Historian point out the wonderful story told by this old Spanish town. The climate is kind to masonry, and many relics of the old Roman city were still in a state of usefulness. About these the swarthy Moor had built *his* city in substantial and gorgeous style; so



The women who come to the fountain.



## IMPRESSIONS

that the Spaniard of to-day has had little reason to build his own walls, but has passed within the halls of the Mohammedan, and lives care-free, with his cigarette quietly sending up long curling ribbons of smoke to intertwine with the heavily carved ebony rafters above, still flaked with the old ivory and pearl of a dazzling past.

When the still night air enveloped the city the *sereno* walked abroad with his heavy blanket wound about his throat, holding his spear and lantern. Around his waist was a huge leathern belt, with rows of narrow pockets filled with keys. The old key-hole joke has



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found no place in Spanish humor, for when a householder approaches his home in the quiet, chilly hours three sharp claps of the hands bring the *sereno*. He peers into the face of the *señor* for recognition, looks down into the key-pocket for the right key, gently leads him to his domicile, and, quietly opening the door, with a low bow ushers him in, and with a softly-spoken "*Buenas noches*," relocks the portal and mournfully calls out the hour—" *Dos horas, sereno*"—perhaps.



The seréno.





*Selling tickets*

# A BULL FIGHT

By Edward Penfield



## A BULL FIGHT

**B**ENITO ARROZCO was looking critically at a half-finished drawing that rested on a green wooden chair in the cool *patio* of his farmhouse. From the firm, square jaw hung a loosely rolled cigarette, and the broad shoulders and erect carriage of the man, who did not seem over forty, prompted me, as I stood beside him, to remark, "You are still in your prime, Don Benito; why do you not continue to fight the bulls? You could have your little farm here near Madrid, where your family would be comfortable, while fame



## A BULL FIGHT

and the admiration of the people would still be yours."

"Ah, Brother," he replied, "five years is the age for a fighting bull, twenty-five years for the bull-fighter, —one has to be very agile, swift, and strong. A single quiver, a moment of indecision, and all is over in the bull ring. Come, let us go to Madrid to-morrow to the Plaza de Toros; they are to fight six bulls there from the ranch of the Duke of Veragua. There is nothing more grand, nothing so stirring; it is all new to me every time I see it, although I have been on both sides of the barrier many times."

The next day, as we strolled

## A BULL FIGHT

down the Calle de Alcalá, the quiet of Sunday was slowly fading from the broad avenue. Groups of dark-visaged men in broad sombreros were gathering about small booths, buying tickets for the afternoon performance. A *picador* rattled past, "trying out" a steed to be used in the bull ring, the horse so covered with gay trappings that one almost forgot to notice his forlorn condition. Soon the avenue became a bubbling, turbulent stream of enthusiastic humanity, making its way to the Plaza de Toros. In the crowd was many a young "sport" with flat-brimmed sombrero, his dark hair brushed smartly forward over his ears and

## A BULL FIGHT

“banged,” and many a tall, graceful daughter of Spain, swinging easily along, her heavily embroidered long-fringed shawl taking fantastic swirls at every step. Some were on donkey-back and others crowded into peculiar low-wheeled “cars” drawn by five and six mules with gaily decorated harnesses of broad leather heavily hung with red pompons and bells and driven at a break-neck speed by an excited driver who swung a long-lashed whip with wonderful dexterity,—all forming a merry, joyous throng, eager in their excitement and enthusiasm for what was to come.

Through the Moorish entrance

## A BULL FIGHT

we passed with the crowd and made our way to our seats in "la sombra," where we could look across to the other side in "el sol" and see the many-colored fans fluttering in the sun and the gay shawls of the women.

Back of our seats were the boxes, kept up during the season by the prominent families of Madrid, who take as much pride in them as a man might in New York in his box at the opera. The seats were of stone, rather a hard resting-place for a whole afternoon, but men from below "scaled" up to us, with unerring accuracy, round cushions, while we, with less pre-

## A BULL FIGHT

cision, flung them a *peseta* in return. The band was playing a gay Spanish air as we took our seats, and Benito, folding his arms and resting them on his heavy walking-stick, had time to point out his friends. There was Anastasio Topete, who made shirts for the greatest *toreadores* in Spain, in the front row, where he always had a seat during the season, to see fair play and the fine work of his idols (and customers). Away over in "el sol" sat poor Don Jacinto. He enjoyed attending the bull fights with his wife, and usually sat in "la sombra," but things were not very well with him now, so he and his helpmate took



Going to the bull fight.





## A BULL FIGHT

turns in coming, each one going home to the other and describing all the fine passes and wonderful plays of the great *matadores*, so that nothing should be missed.

Behind us I recognized some of the people from America who were on the steamer which landed us at Gibraltar, and beyond in the boxes sat the ladies of Spain, wearing their beautiful white-silk *mantillas* and looking from behind their fluttering fans at their children, some reaching scarcely to their mother's knee, who peered anxiously over the railing.

Suddenly the band stopped, and two horsemen wearing capes and

## A BULL FIGHT

mounted on coal-black Andalusian steeds rode briskly into the ring and reined up sharply before the box of the President of Ceremonies, who acts as an umpire, so to speak, and who tossed them a great key. They retired as quickly as they had come, and soon appeared again, at the head of a gay procession of *toreadores*, *chulos* (ring-attendants), and *picadores* on forlorn-looking horses, and, bringing up the rear, the gaily decorated teams of mules, used for dragging out the vanquished bulls and dead horses; all making a gay and pretty sight, the muscular little men in their spotless clothes and fine linen, gay satin and



A typical young Spaniard.



## A BULL FIGHT

gold embroidery, with their capes thrown across their shoulders and wrapped tightly about the hips.

From somewhere the clear notes of a bugle sounded and every one in the arena took his place. Two great doors at the further side of the ring swung open, a heavy lid fell down with a bang, and a lithe sleek bull, in the pink of condition, sprang from his darkened box and rushed into the arena where the sun blazed down on the yellow sand. A little rosette of colored ribbon fluttered on his shoulder and he gave an irritated toss of his head, his eyes glistened, and his nostrils dilated with quivering excitement,



## A BULL FIGHT

as he found himself in the bright sunlight, dazzled, perplexed for a moment,—then, seeing a trim little *toreador* waving a red cape, he made for him with the speed of an arrow.

“Look out for him, Chico de la Blusa!” shouted Benito at my side. Words of advice and warning came from a thousand throats. Now watch—he moves the cape to one side as the bull charges! See, he stands in one spot! The bull, in his quick charge, lowered his head and tossed it up with such violence that his front feet left the ground, and a snort of anger rushed through his nostrils, but he had spent his energy on air,—the man whom he had ex-



The Grand Entrance.



## A BULL FIGHT

pected to toss high over his head had manœuvered so that he stood well at the *side* of the cape and not *behind* it. The bull was rather dismayed for a moment, and then started for another *toreador*, only to meet with the same disappointment. The furious animal paused and seemed to be contemplating a new plan of action. "He is a dangerous *toro*," said Don Benito. "Bulls have three different ways of fighting; some are heedless and rush about here and there and spend their strength, others are lazy and have to be forced to fight, but this one has courage and plans his course, so beware!"

The *chulos* were now beating a

## A BULL FIGHT

poor old blindfolded horse,—on which was a *picador* in a yellow suit holding a long pole with a blunt end,—trying to drive him over toward the bull, from whom he instinctively shrank. Lowering his head, the bull seemed uncertain whether or not to use any more of his strength on something that might vanish as mysteriously as the two capes. But his fighting nature got the better of him. He made a quick charge and, running his long horns into the horse, held him aloft, shaking his head as the horse struggled and the warm blood ran down over the bull's eyes and into his nostrils.



Enter the bull.





## A BULL FIGHT

“Bravo, *toro!*” shouted the crowd, in their admiration of the bull, whose confidence now returned to him tenfold, so that he attacked and killed three more *caballos* before his anger abated.

The ring by this time was drenched with gore. Some of the horses were bowled over on their riders, and, if it had not been for the armor the *picadores* wear about their legs, they would have been crushed. The sight of the horses sickened me. Benito saw that I could not look up. “I know you feel badly for the horses,” he said; “but which is better—for them to be driven until they drop from agony and pain,

## A BULL FIGHT

or to be killed in a few moments? They are old *caballos* and past their usefulness."

True, the death of an old horse was making me feel worse than the killing or maiming of some college man in a foot-ball game. The spectacle was far more thrilling than any gridiron ever offered, and why could I not be consistent?

I looked around. The American visitors were leaving by the nearest stairway, and I felt hardly strength enough to stay, but Benito held me by the coat-sleeve and said: "Stay where you are. There will be six bulls fought this afternoon; you will get used to it, and only see the won-



He stood well at the side of the cape and not behind it.



## A BULL FIGHT

derful skill and fine plays." I could hardly agree with him, but I sat still.

The *banderillas* were now going to be placed in the bull, and the cleverness with which the nimble little *banderilleros* placed the long sticks with pointed hooks on the end and covered with frilled paper, was explained by the old bull-fighter by whom I sat. It was well done, because it looked as if it was done so easily; but many a *banderillero* has been killed by the cruel horns. The *banderillas* have to be stuck within a given space on the bull's shoulder, and, if they are placed awkwardly, the hisses and abuse from the crowd are limitless.



## A BULL FIGHT

Soon the waving of a red handkerchief by the President from his box was a signal that the play had gone far enough and that the bull was to be killed. Again the bugle sounded. The *banderilleros* were withdrawn and the *matador*, or bull-fighter who was to kill the bull, jumped into the arena carrying a sword and a small piece of red cloth wound on a stick, and bounded across the arena in front of the box of the President of Ceremonies. He stood erect, and with his free hand raised his hat, saluted, and dedicated the bull he was about to despatch. These little speeches made before the audience show in a great



The bull made a quick charge.



## A BULL FIGHT

measure the man's individuality. Bull-fighters do not come from any one class. They may be educated men or men of little learning—modest, witty, or romantic natures betray themselves in the few words spoken at this time, and when El Chico de la Blusa addressed the president in the following manner he was fully appreciated by the crowd:

“Señor President, I toast you, and dedicate this bull to your *honór* and also to all the beautiful ladies of Spain,” and then, as his eye caught two English women tourists eagerly leaning forward in the front row, he added, “and, I might also say, to our homely visitors.”

## A BULL FIGHT

"Haw-haw!" came from every one who understood Spanish, but the ladies from England settled back in their seats none the wiser.

With a quick wrist movement he sent his hat twirling up behind him, turned sharply about, and started for the bull. No nervousness or awkwardness marked his movements. Everything was grace and rhythm. With the small red flag he attracted the attention of the animal, who seemed rather tired, and by a deal of manœuvering worked him about so that he stood with his two front feet together. Any other position for the bull, before he charges, would be fatal for the man.



Placing the banderillas.





## A BULL FIGHT

All this manœuvering was taking some time. The crowd was yelling itself hoarse and becoming impatient, so that no sound could be heard from the ring, although the bull was bellowing loudly.

“His front feet are not together,” shouted one; “Hurry up!” said another.

Anastasio, the shirt-maker in the front row, lighted a wax taper and, holding it aloft, looked around him at his friends near by and said, “Buenas noches,” as if too much time had already been used in preparing the bull. At last the *mata-dor* took sure aim along the top of his glistening sword. The bull

## A BULL FIGHT

lowered his head and charged. The *matador* braced himself and lunged the sword, sure, true, straight up to the hilt, into the four-inch space above the shoulders. The sword, properly driven, darted down through the flesh without striking a bone and entered the heart. Death was instantaneous and the crowd went crazy with enthusiasm.

The *matador* had made a fine play, and went around the arena, bowing to the audience. Cigars were thrown to him by the hundred. Sombreros were tossed into the arena and he scaled them back to the people with his own hand



The matador aiming the fatal blow.



## A BULL FIGHT

and with the aim of a steady nerve and a true eye.

The two teams of gaily decorated mules were hurried into the ring and dragged out the bull and the dead horses. The *chulos*, like nimble jumping-jacks, raked the sand over the pools of blood, and the arena was ready once more for another bull.

The death had been a most thrilling spectacle. The maddened bull was a terrible adversary, and had been met in a masterly way. All killings are not so well done, and sometimes many attempts have to be made before the sword is driven in with such fatal results.



## A BULL FIGHT

The spectacle of the horses is one that English-speaking people cannot accustom themselves to; the cruelty of the Spanish, they say, is responsible for it: but the Spanish are a strange race, full of contradictions; we no sooner say they are cruel than we find them full of kindness—if not to their animals, to their children.

The bulls are bred for fighting on large farms or ranges. At one year old their fighting blood is tested and if anything of the coward is in them, they are consigned to the slaughter-house. If a bull's courage is true, his ear is slit and he is put with others of his kind and

## A BULL FIGHT

kept on the range until he is five or six years old, when he is considered fit for the bull ring. Once a bull is fought and not killed, which is very seldom, he is not again used, as he has probably learned the tricks of the bull ring and would prove too wary an adversary. As the bulls have to be fought by a strict code of rules, with an experienced bull the contest would be unfair.

The *toreadores* have many individual plays, but at the same time they must adhere strictly to the code of bull-fighting. For instance, one *matador*, in making the cape play, is dressed in a costume of

## A BULL FIGHT

gray satin and silver embroidery, and his cape is red on one side and gray and silver on the other. The red side he waves at the approaching bull, who after charging recovers himself for another attack, when the bull-fighter suddenly winds his cape tightly about himself with the silver and gray side exposed and stands erect and *perfectly* still. Man and cape look like one pillar of silver. The bull charges until he is within a few feet and, not seeing any quiver or movement, veers suddenly aside, thinking the *matador* a shaft of polished steel. This trick cannot be tried on every bull. The animal must be one of a certain disposition,

## A BULL FIGHT

and any miscalculation on this point would be a fatal mistake.

Another individual play was that devised by a man who had never been in the bull ring. He was a shoemaker of Seville, I have been told, and conceived the idea of dressing in pure white and standing on a white pedestal in the center of the ring as the bull was released. The glistening animal was not long in spying him and made a rush for the man. Not a motion of any kind could he make. The bull stopped suddenly within a short distance of the pedestal, thinking it was a white post, and, while recovering himself, was attracted by a *toreador* waving

## A BULL FIGHT

a red cape, while the man in white bounded lightly out of the arena amid mad applause.

A play of this kind looked so simple that several others tried it, among them a woman, but it led to so many fatal accidents that the government forbade it. In avoiding the bull, a *matador* has to do so gracefully. No hopping or awkward twisting is countenanced by the crowd. He must drag his retreating foot rhythmically behind him. All is grace, and one can hardly fail to admire one of the athletic, perfect men who enter a gory arena in a costume of clean linen or fine satin and gold, that

## A BULL FIGHT

even a small blood spot would mar, fight six bulls for a long afternoon, and come out of it all spotless, cool, and gallant.

We have our foot-ball contests and our base-ball games with their adherents, the well-known "fans"; but neither of them gives the spectacle that the bull ring offers, nowhere is there a contest where courage, grace, and unfaltering calculation play so important a part, or where the people unite as if all were brothers in supporting and criticizing the play. From the Spanish child's nursery days he plays at bull-fighting. A light wicker bull's-head is worn by a boy who charges



## A BULL FIGHT

his companions with capes waving before them. Every day the press recounts deeds of charity, heroism, and honesty performed by the *toreador* in his daily life, and he is the idol of the people. Bull-fighting is part of them: which may explain the failure of the many efforts to drive the sport from Spain.









